

No. 2

\$1.75

# Honkytonk Sue

THE QUEEN OF COUNTRY SWING

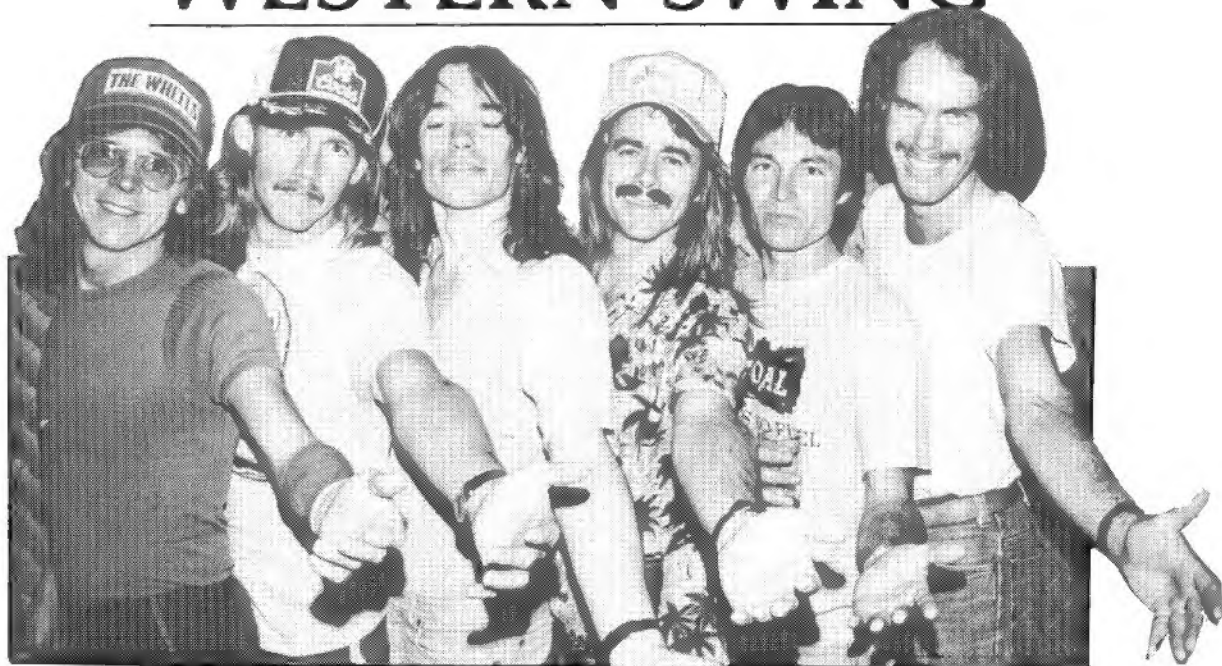
## LADY KILLERS

*From Outer  
Space!!*



From Deep in The Heart of Arizona.....

# COUNTRY ROCKIN' WESTERN SWING



## Chuck Wagon and the Wheels

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"Disco Sucks" single (WW 7906) also available

## PART ONE

They came from deep in the  
cosmos armed with a  
computer called pig and a  
pack of laser lines.....

# Lady Killers

## From Outer Space

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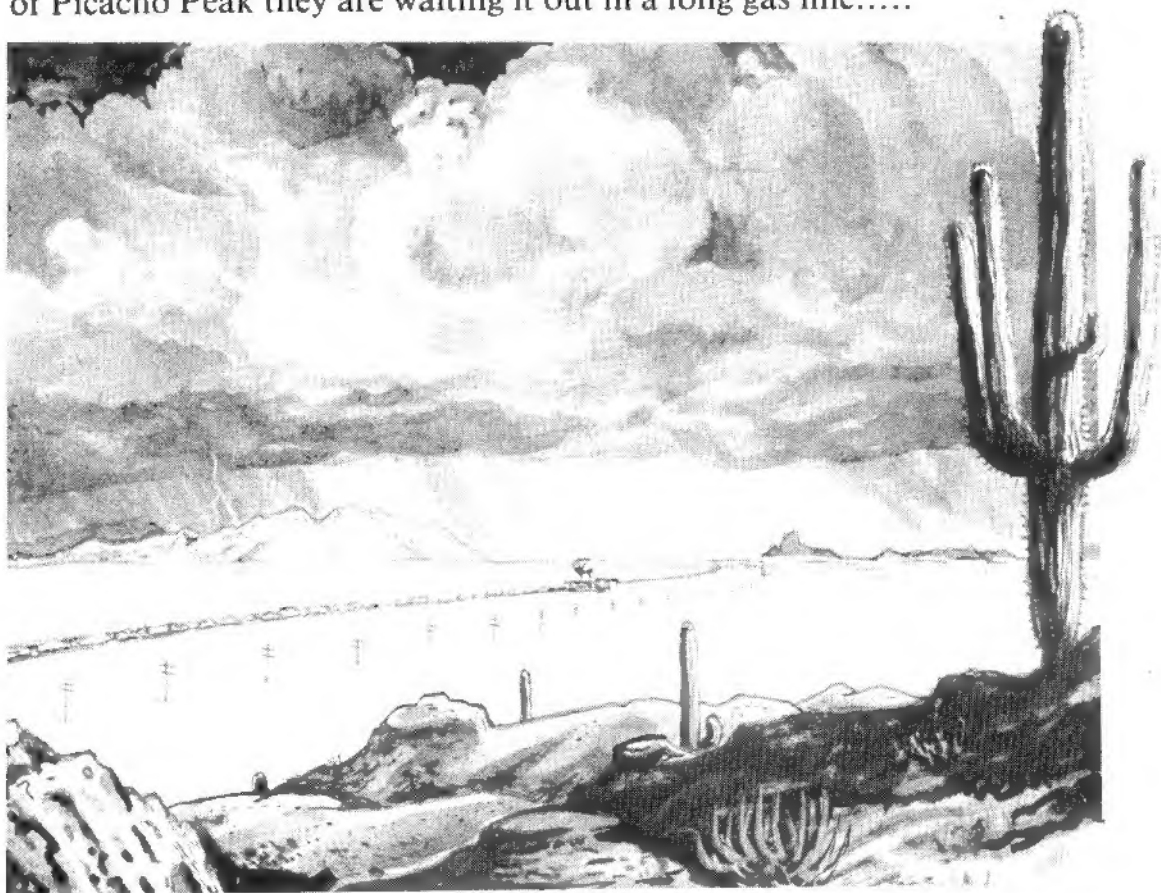
*This book is dedicated to Louise Guess and her five daughters; Sadie Pearl, Mary, Bobbie, Patsy and Jean, who more than anyone embody the spirit of Honkytonk Sue.*

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to real people, places and things in fiction and semi-fiction is  
obvious and any damn fool could see that.



Sue and Donna Jean are on their way to a rodeo dance in Sonoita. As a summer monsooner spreads out east and west of Picacho Peak they are waiting it out in a long gas line.....



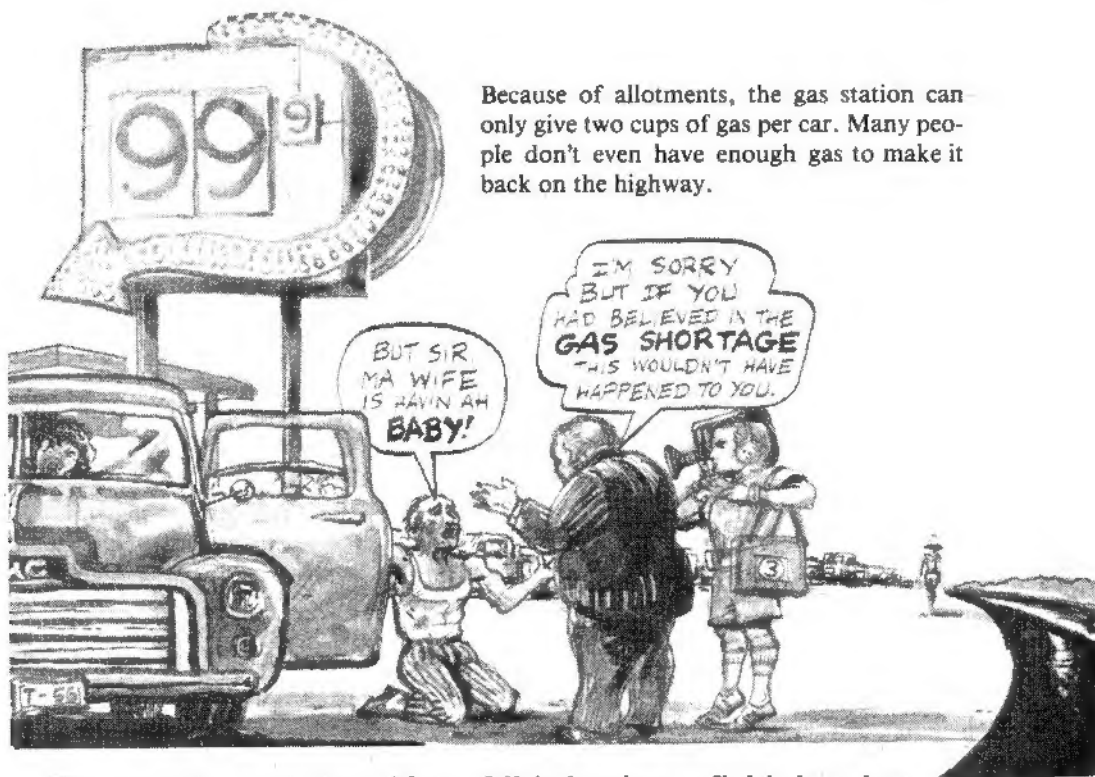
'YEH, DONNA JEAN, IF I EVAR  
MET ONE AH THEM, THEY'D HAFTA  
DIVERT SOME AH THEIR WINDFALL  
PROFITS INTO PLASTIC SURGERY.



HI FOLKS AS CHAIRMAN OF  
UNITED CONGLOM OIL COMPANIES  
OF AMERICA, I'M HERE TO  
ASSURE YOU THAT THE GAS  
SHORTAGE IS "REAL."



Because of allotments, the gas station can  
only give two cups of gas per car. Many peo-  
ple don't even have enough gas to make it  
back on the highway.

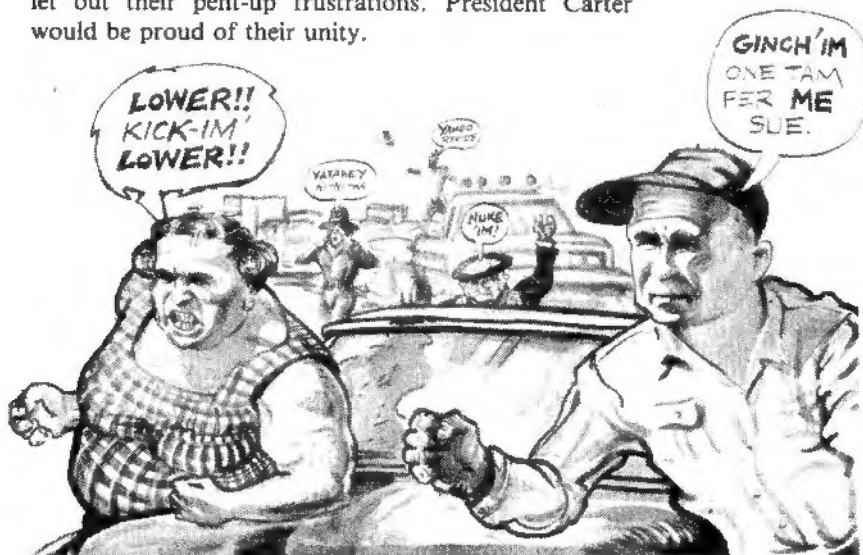


The president of Con Glom Oil is having a field day, but  
he doesn't notice the slim blond in the Stetson walking  
towards him...

GAS  
SHORTAGE  
MA FOOT!



The people waiting in their cars suddenly come alive and let out their pent-up frustrations. President Carter would be proud of their unity.



The summer monsooner sweeps across the station just as the head of Con Glom Oil begins to spill his guts...

I HAVE A  
CONFESSION  
TO MAKE  
ON BEHALF  
OF BIG OIL...



...He admits to everything in the pouring rain, as the assembled motorists and Sue stand under the safety of the canopy...

IN SPITE  
OF WHAT THOSE  
EXPENSIVE ADS IN  
TIME AND NEWSWEEK  
SAY, WE'VE BEEN  
CHEATING.



It was very refreshing to finally hear someone connected with the oil industry actually tell the truth. Thanks Sue...

WE'VE LEANED ON  
THE "ENERGY SHORTAGE"  
TO EYE GOUGE THE  
AMERICAN PEOPLE IN  
THE NAME OF QUICK  
CORPORATE PROFITS  
AT EVERY TURN...



The summer monsooner passes as quickly as it came and the smell of wet creosote hangs in the cool air...



Inside the station, the head of Con Glom Oil, bawling like a baby, snot running down his upper lip, calls off the gas shortage.

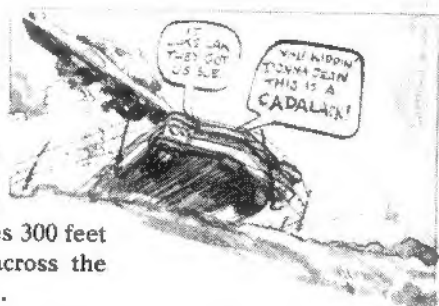
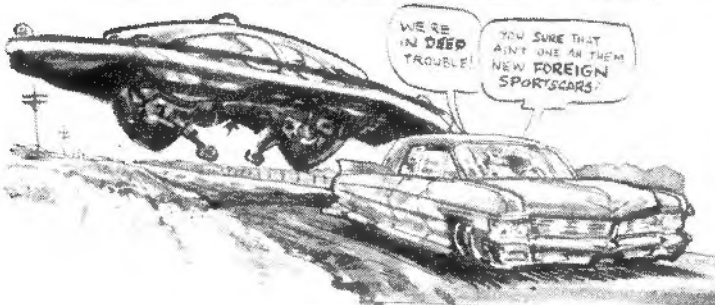
Within minutes huge sky tankers appear and gas up the cars "on the house." Each car also gets a free Blakely iced tea tumbler.



About ten minutes later is when it happened. A huge, mysterious craft appeared out of nowhere and loomed off Sue's back bumper...

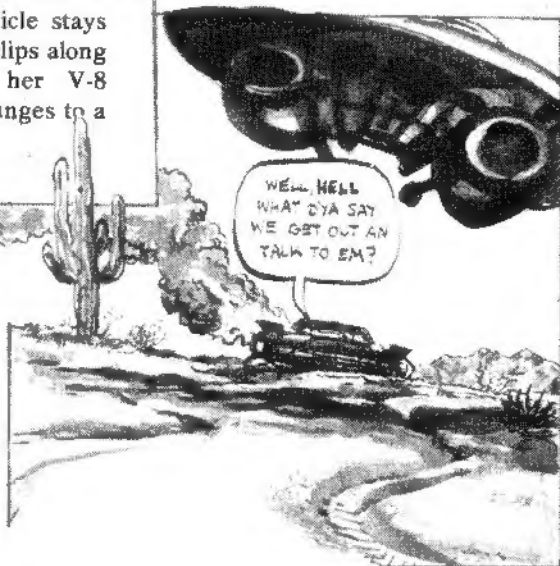
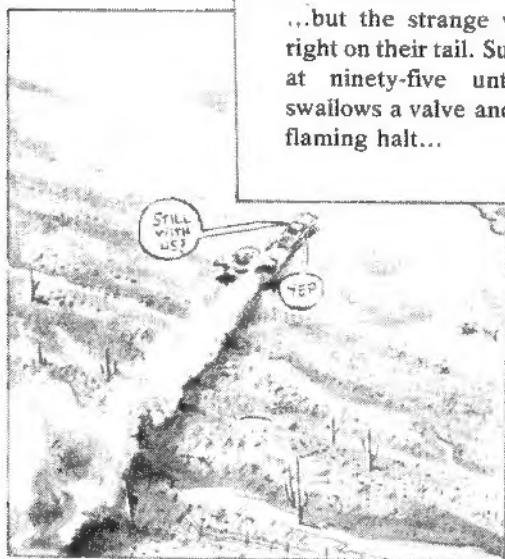






Sue brodies off the highway, re-locates 300 feet of barbed wire fence and heads out across the desert with her boot in the carburator...

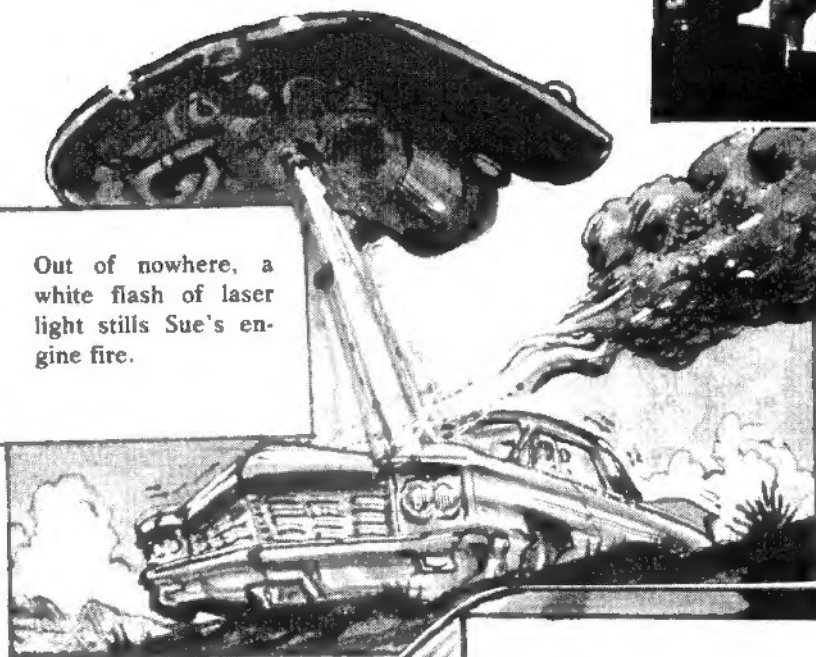
...but the strange vehicle stays right on their tail. Sue clips along at ninety-five until her V-8 swallows a valve and lunges to a flaming halt...



Inside, Strange voices prepare for a close encounter of the fourth kind: Sexual advances by alien beings.

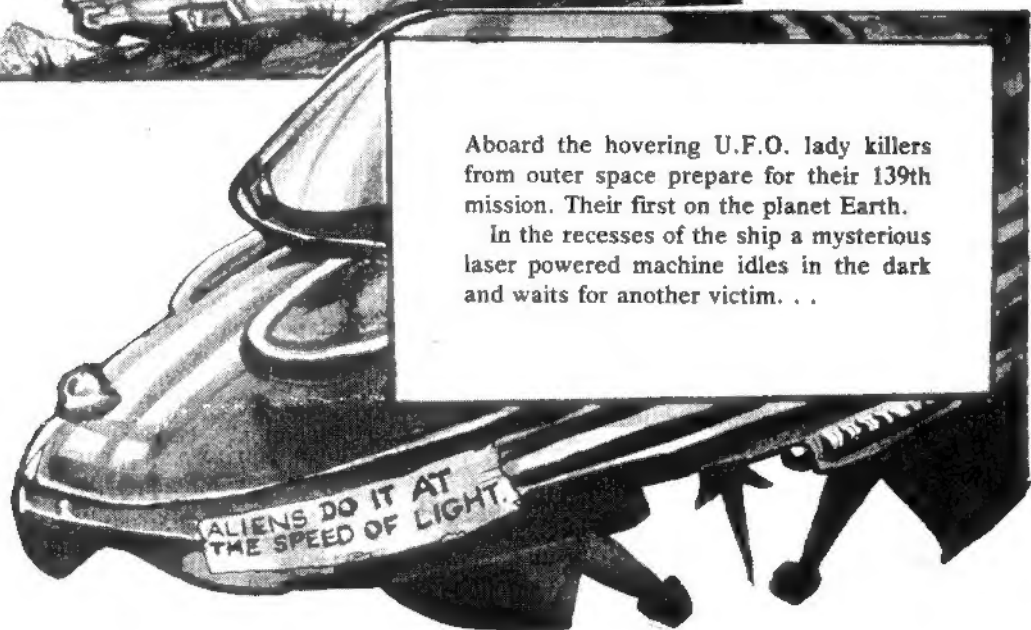


Out of nowhere, a white flash of laser light stills Sue's engine fire.



Aboard the hovering U.F.O. lady killers from outer space prepare for their 139th mission. Their first on the planet Earth.

In the recesses of the ship a mysterious laser powered machine idles in the dark and waits for another victim. . .



...THE LATEST AND MOST PREVALENT LINES TO USE FOR SCORING ON EARTH WOMEN.

GOOD, DIGEST THEM AND ENTER ATTACK PHASE.

...Meanwhile, in the cockpit, a laser secured computer absorbs Earth data and prints out desired information with cross references...

HERE THEY COME

"S BIN NICE KNOWIN'YA S-E"



HEY, LET US FIND SOME SWAMP GAS AND HAVE A PARTY! -!!-

NO REALLY, I THINK YOUR HAIR ARRANGEMENT IS GROOVY. I WOULD LIKE TO SEE IT ON A PILLOW.

HEY, DON'T WE GROW UP ON DIFFERENT PLANETS TOGETHER?

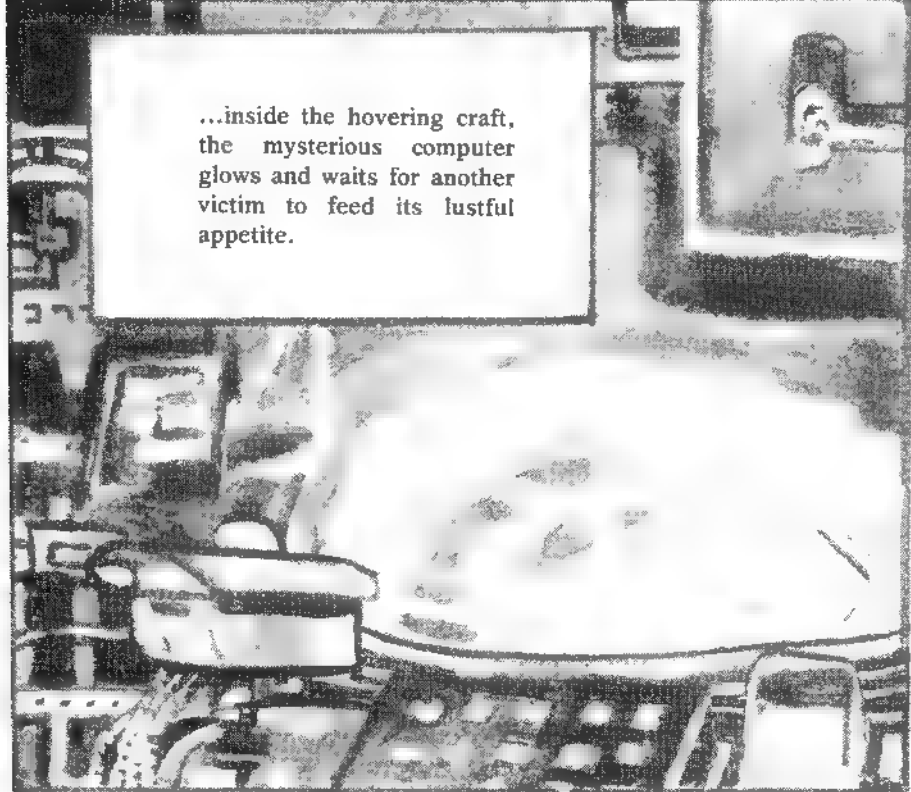
HEY BABY, LET'S LEND SOME CREDENCE TO THE BIG BANG THEORY...

HELP ME S-E

Advancing on Donna Jean, the Lady Killers from outer space bombard her with every line under the sun...





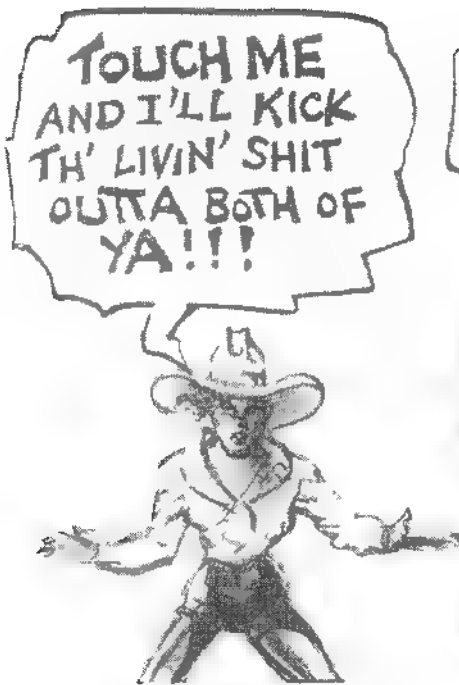


...inside the hovering craft,  
the mysterious computer  
glows and waits for another  
victim to feed its lustful  
appetite.

The full name of the strange  
Alien computer is E.I.E.I.O.,  
but the martian crew calls the  
powerful machine by its  
nickname. . . .

**THE LASER PIG  
REQUESTS A STATUS  
REPORT SIR!**

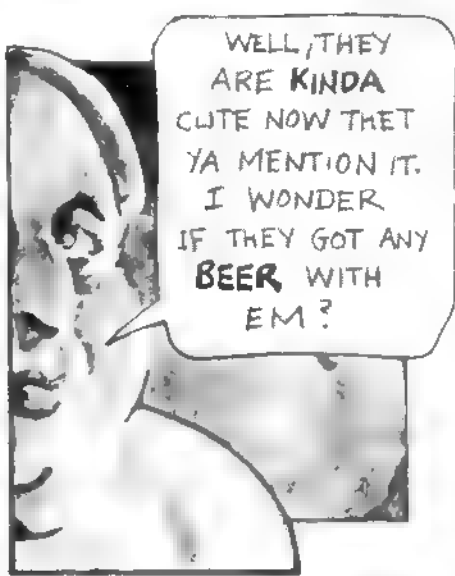
**ATTACK PHASE  
IN PROGRESS.  
ENCOUNTERING  
USUAL FEMALE  
RESISTANCE.~V**



Suddenly, there is a burst of laser light and Sue feels a warm flash in her lower stomach. The insides of her thighs begin to tingle....

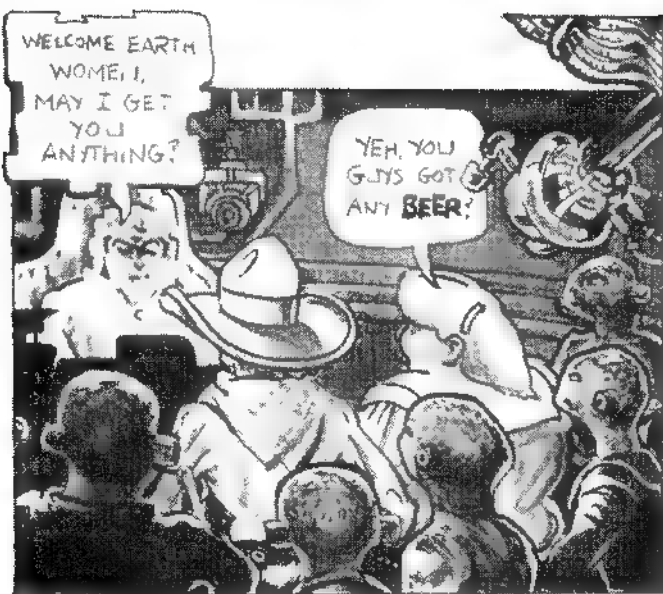


The desert air is still now, except for the high pitched hum of the Alien spacecraft. The Lady Killers from outer space have taken Sue and Donna Jean aboard and for the moment have left them alone in a laser closet...

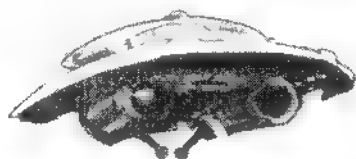


The strange computer called Laser Pig is hungry now and it appears that Sue and Donna Jean are on the menu...

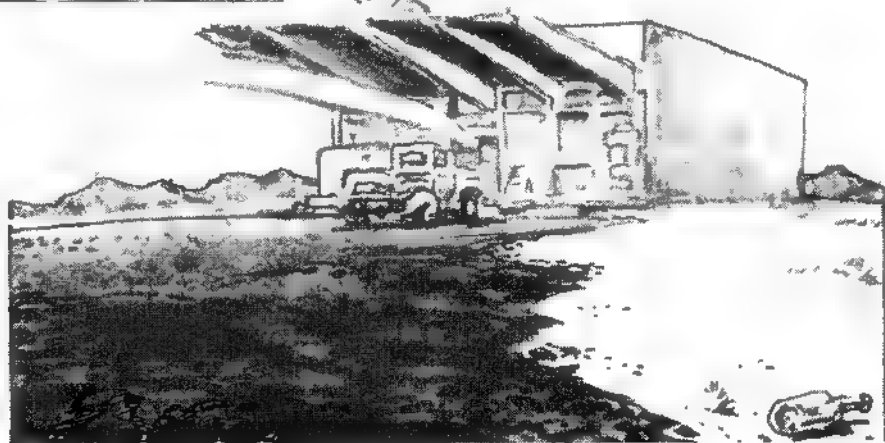




Instantly, the Laser Pig kicks into action. A split second cross reference into the cockpit computer defines and locates all the beer on the planet. Milli-seconds later, a white laser beam streaks across the sky....



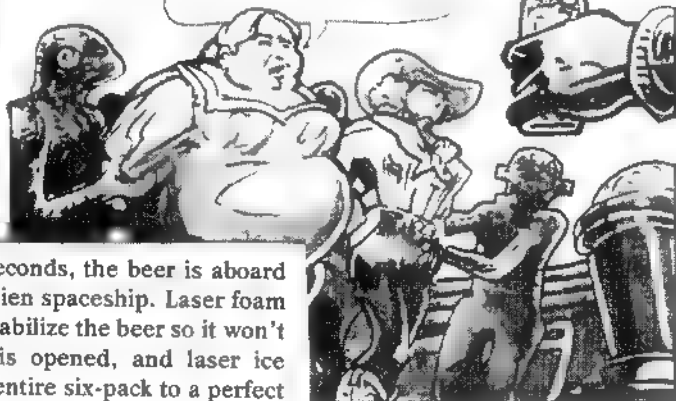
...and zeroes in on the beer case at a Circle K thirteen miles away....







I HATE TO BE  
PICKY GUYS, BUT  
COULD I HAVE A LITE?  
I'M ON A DIET.



...within five seconds, the beer is aboard  
the hovering Alien spaceship. Laser foam  
de-activators stabilize the beer so it won't  
foam when it is opened, and laser ice  
cubes cool the entire six-pack to a perfect  
42°.



HEY, I SWEAR TO  
GOD MANN, I DIDNT  
TOUCH NOTHIN'.. THE  
BEER JUS FLEW OUT  
OF THE CASE MANN!!

SURE SON,  
TELL THAT TO  
THE COPS WHEN  
THEY GET HERE.

I THINK HE'S  
ON A BUM  
TRIP  
OFF CER



WHAT  
WAS  
THAT  
?!

A S.X-PACK  
OF MILLER  
LITE AND A  
SACK OF BEER  
NUTS.

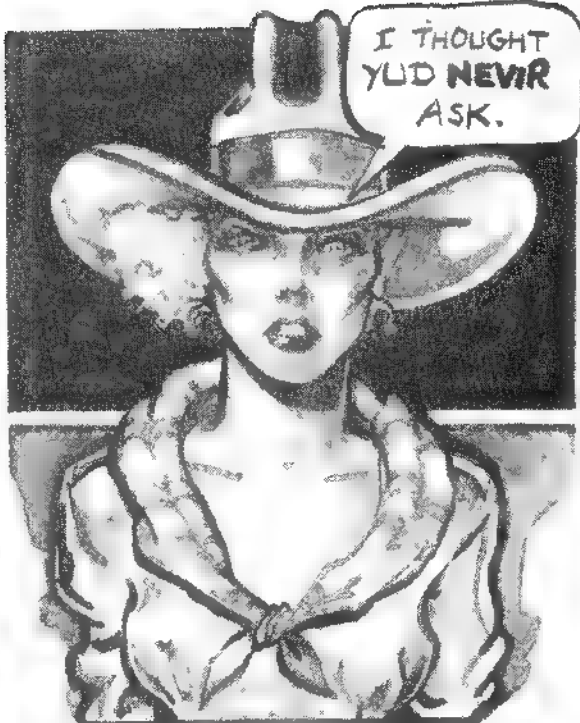
THANKS  
GUYS, I  
PRESHATE  
IT.



ANYONE  
FEELING  
AROUSSED  
?!!?

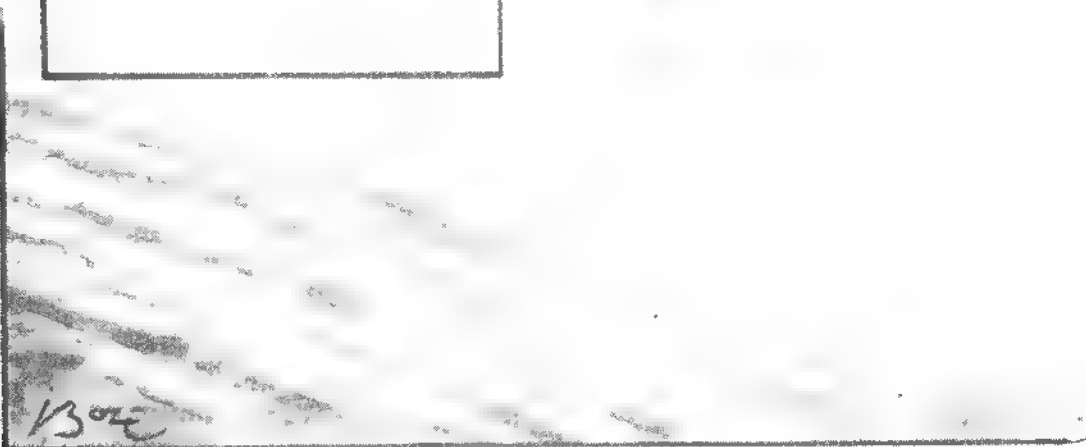


I THOUGHT  
YUD NEVER  
ASK.



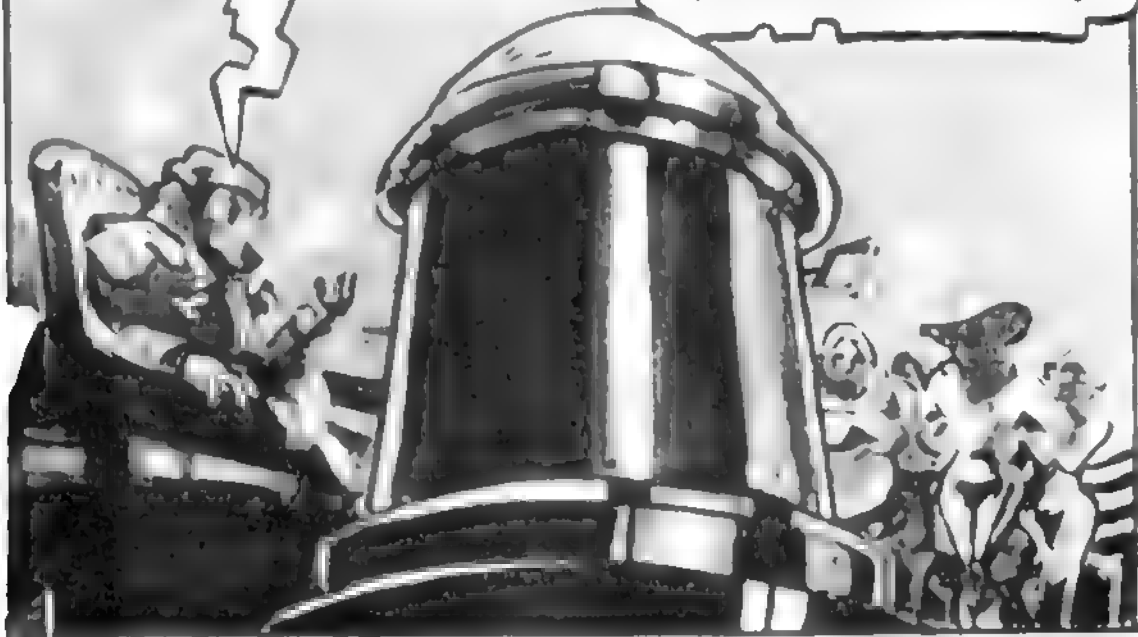
MAY I INTRODUCE  
YOU TO THE BEST LAY  
IN THE PHYSICAL  
UNIVERSE.

Somewhere, high above the  
Midwest, Aliens are putting  
the finishing moves on  
Honkytonk Sue.

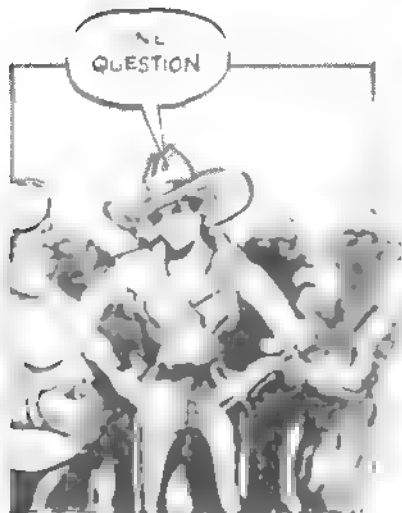


IT HAS THE POWER  
OF A HUNDRED  
EARTH ORGASMS

... BY GIVING YOURSELF  
TO ITS POWERS YOU WILL  
FEEL PLEASURE YOU  
NEVER KNEW EXISTED.



NO  
QUESTION



IF THIS MACHINE  
IS SO DAMN GOOD  
WHY DON'T YA USE  
IT ON YERSELVES?



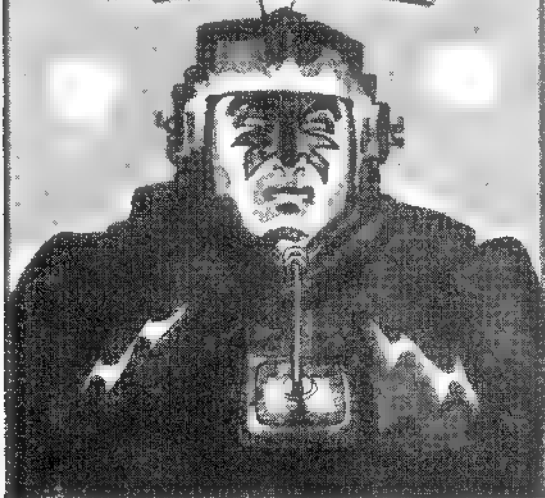
ARE YOU KIDDING  
LADY?!! GREEN  
HAIRS WOULD GROW  
ON OUR DIDGITS!!



YOU HAVE  
NO  
CHOICE...



..YOU WILL SUBMIT,  
OR DIE!! ANY  
QUESTIONS  
???



YEH...  
WHO'S GONNA  
MAKE ME?





WHAT DOES THE MOST  
POWERFUL COMPUTER  
IN THE UNIVERSE  
HAVE TO SAY ABOUT  
THAT?  $\sqrt{11}$

All eyes turn to the  
Laser Pig..

I WANT THE  
FAT ONE  
FIRST!!



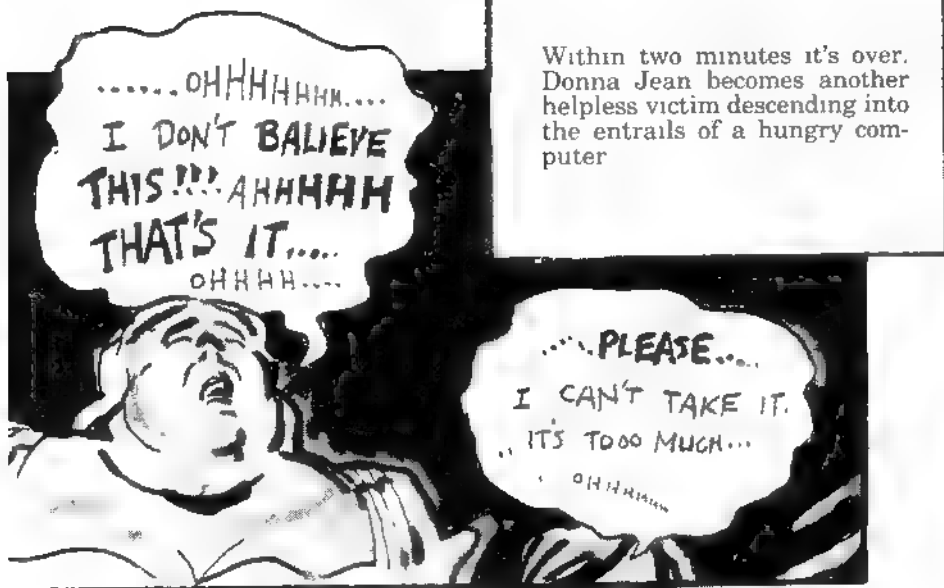
The Lady Killers waste no time  
Sue is immediately put out of  
action by a Laser powered Re-  
strainer and Donna Jean is  
placed inside the Laser Pig

HEY GUYS, I DON'T  
QUITE UNDERSTAND....  
WHUD YA DO TA SUE?

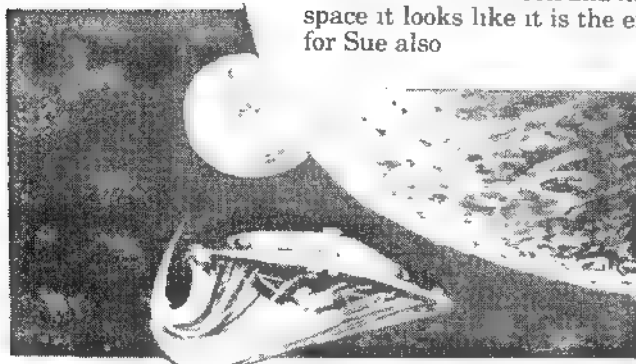


OH WOW!!  
HEY...WAIT AH  
MINUTE...WHAT  
IN THE....





Donna Jean is finished, and as the Alien craft rounds the moon and heads for outer space it looks like it is the end of the line for Sue also



The Laser Pig gladly obliges. Laser-powered feeler-uppers begin their obscene stroking...



WELL WELL, EARTH  
WOMAN, YOU'RE NOT SAYING  
TOO MUCH NOW HA HA!!  
COMPUTER GOT  
YOUR TONGUE!!  
A HAR HAR!!



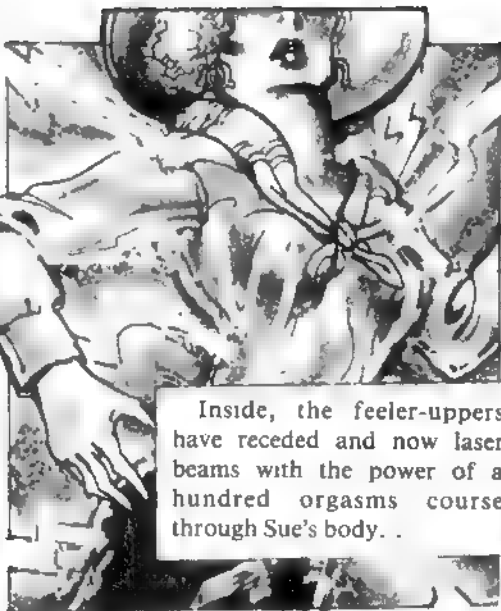
Is this the end of Sue as we know her, or does she have the last word?...

WHAT DID SHE SAY?

IT SOUNDED LIKE WOOSIE SIR.

FEED IT INTO THE COMPUTER!

YES S.R.



Inside, the feeler-uppers have receded and now laser beams with the power of a hundred orgasms course through Sue's body. .

WELL, WHAT DOES IT MEAN

??/ =

IT IS AN OBSCURE DESERT PEOPLES EXPRESSION -MEANING: "ONE WHO IS WITHOUT PARAWADS" SIR.



LET ME SEE THAT! HOW COULD SHE KNOW I DON'T HAVE ANY PARA-WADS?

PERHAPS SHE HAS MORE POWER THAN WE THOUGHT SIR.

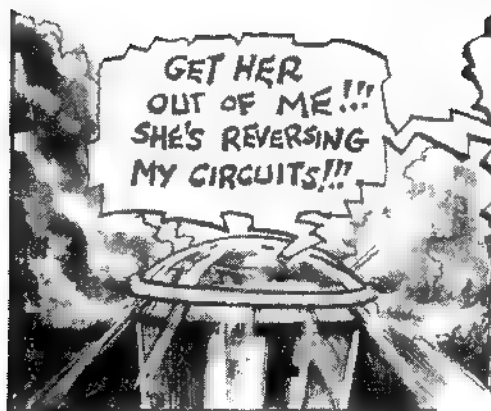


Perhaps indeed! Look at that steam rising off the Laser-lid!

WHAT'S WRONG LASER PIG ?!?!?



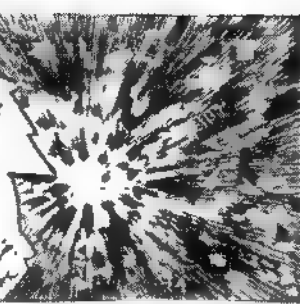




GET HER  
OUT OF ME!!!  
SHE'S REVERSING  
MY CIRCUITS!!!



OHHHHH... IT'S TOO  
LATE... YESSSS... THAT'S  
IT... I CAN'T HELP  
IT... OHHH... PLUG IT  
TO ME... PLUG  
IT... AHHRV≡>>>V



Suddenly, there is an explosion  
and buckets full of white laser  
light flood the room.



I HATE TO BE  
THE ONE TO TELL YA  
THAT'S BUT YER WOOSIE  
COMPUTER IS SLEEPIN  
FROM PREMATURE  
COMPUTATION.



UNDERSTAND!!  
A  
MERE EARTH

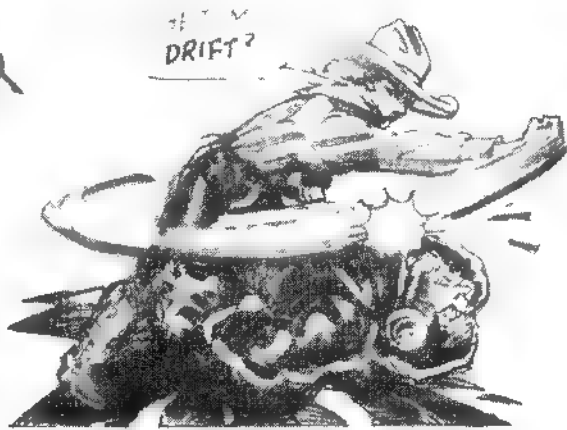
LISTEN UP,  
SPACE FEEB  
BRAINS...



SEX IN THE MAND  
BEHIND.  
AND MORE MEAT

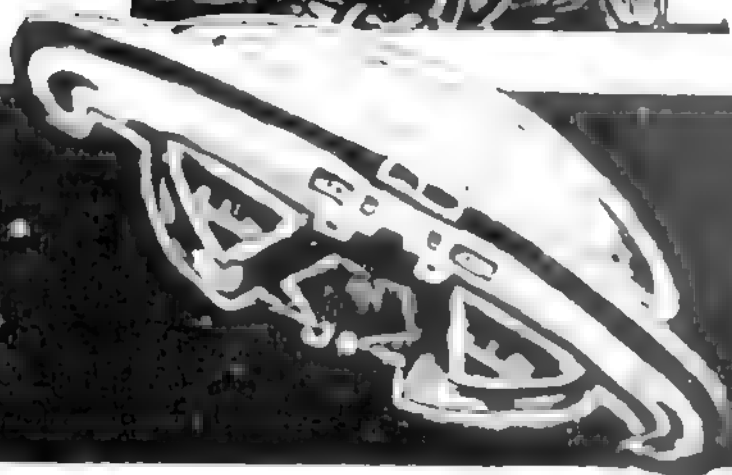


THERE AINT NO  
MAN OR NO MACHINE  
THAT CAN "MAKE"  
AN EARTH WOMAN  
F she DONT  
WANNA BE  
"MADE"...



DRIFT?

NOW TAKE  
OFF YER  
PANTS!

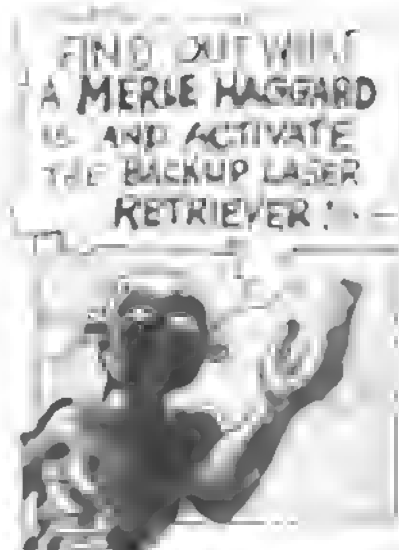


With his pants down, it becomes very clear why Captain Lady Killer needs the Laser Pig. One of the Nuteroids explains to Sue that the Captain had his parawads shot off in the second Milky Way War and built the powerful Pig computer as his alter ego. For many light months Captain Lady Killer and his enslaved crew of Nuteroids had roamed the western universe scoring on women of every persuasion, hair arrangement and skirt length. Now on a puny little planet called Earth they have met their match.

With the help of a Nuteroid mechanic and a Laser powered socket set Donna Jean is retrieved from the intestines of the woman eating computer. Then, the short little aliens strap the Captain to the Laser Pig and cut them both loose in space. The ex-commander yells something but since there is no sound in space it cannot be heard.



As the liberated Nuteroids chauffeur their liberators back to Earth, the girls teach the aliens how to Country Swing. Some of the aliens catch on quick and in no time are doing cross-hand turns. Others are nerds and couldn't dance their way out of a laser bag.



000000  
 000000  
 000000  
 000000

26



OH SUE LUK, IT'S TH  
**HAG!**

THEY REALLY GOT  
HIM... JUST LAK  
THEY GOT TH  
BEER!!!

SO THIS IS  
WHAT IT'S LIKE  
TO BE A MAN  
ON EARTH

The rapid trip from Earth is Hell  
on Mr Haggard's clothes, but a Laser  
powered comb straightens Merle's  
hair and Laser beams iron his pants  
and shirt.

AS YOU REQUESTED  
EARTH WOMEN, NOW  
CAN WE DANCE?



WE'LL  
DANCE, BUT FIRST  
I NEED TO TALK  
TO MERLE ABOUT  
HIS MUSIC...



YER  
SINGIN' TURNS  
ME ONN!!



WE DON TAKE  
OUR TRIPS  
ON LSD

The Hag sings his greatest hits, and with the Alien spacecraft on automatic Laser pilot the Nutterheads roll back the Laser rug and kick out the Laser jams

TELL IT LAK  
IT IS  
MERLE

YIM  
HANN

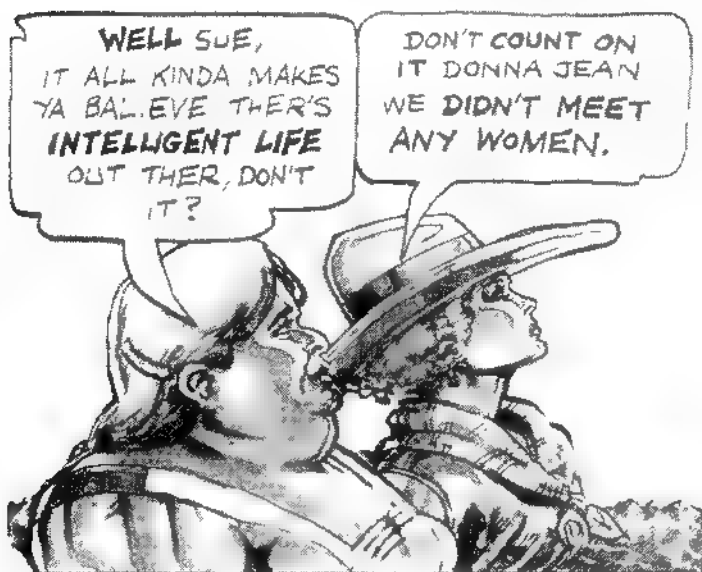
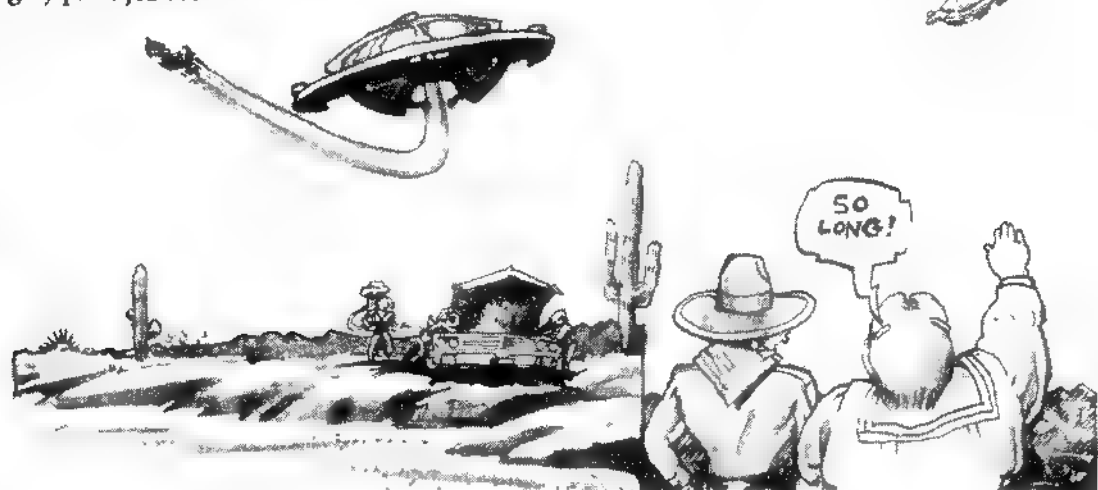


... Laser rockets guide the craft back into  
the Earth's atmosphere and on a bullseye  
course with the Sonoran desert



... As the Alien craft hovers silently, Merle is placed in the Laser retriever and sent back to the coast, while the Nuteroid mechanics give Sue's Cadillac a valve-job and a new primer gray paint job ...

... and then, as quickly as the appeared, they are gone .



THE END

# ***THE SHIRT***



JIMI GIANNATTI PHOTOGRAPHY

***See order blank on page 71***

# *Honkytonk* Sue

## PART TWO

Sue battles the dreaded  
California lifestyle and a  
woman know as....

*Deco-dent*  
**Deva**

It's round-up time at the Bar-L ranch, and the neighbors are invited to shake a leg...



Outside, all the talk is about the recent sale of the Odler ranch

YEP, SOME  
WOMAN FROM  
CALIFORNIA  
BOUGHT IT FOR  
\$3 MILLION!

AND AN  
HERD SHE  
PAID CASH  
FOR THE  
WHOLE  
SPREAD!

HELL,  
THAT RANCH  
AND THE  
3 BEAN  
BURROS!

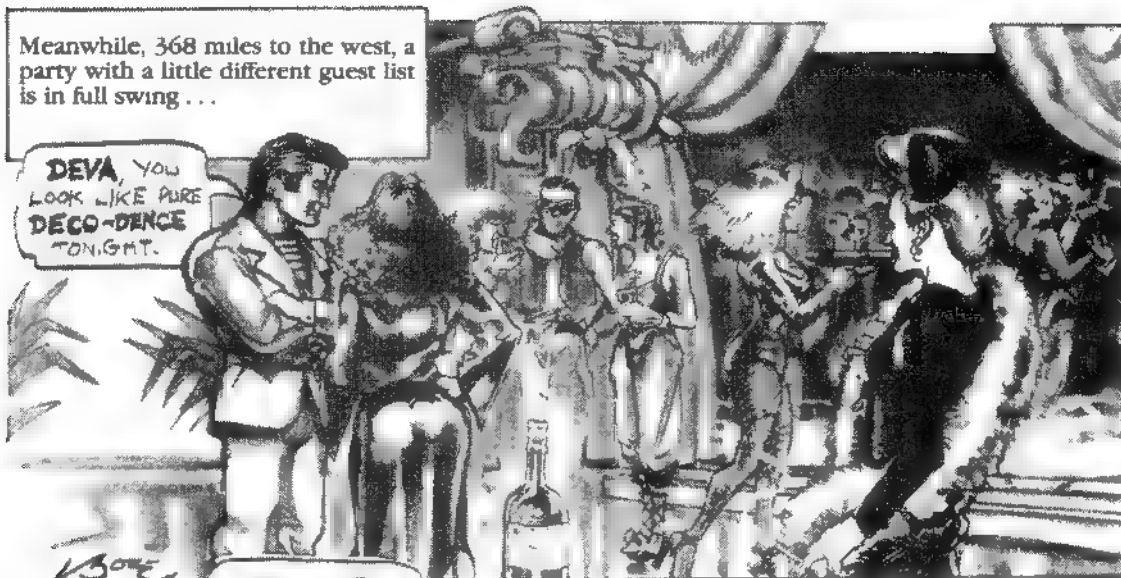
AN TA  
BOOT, SHE  
HAS ONE  
OF THE STRANGEST  
NAMES I EVER  
HEARD OF





Meanwhile, 368 miles to the west, a party with a little different guest list is in full swing . . .

DEVA, YOU  
LOOK LIKE PURE  
DECO-DENCE  
TONIGHT.



MEET ME  
IN MY ROOM  
**SCUMBAG!**

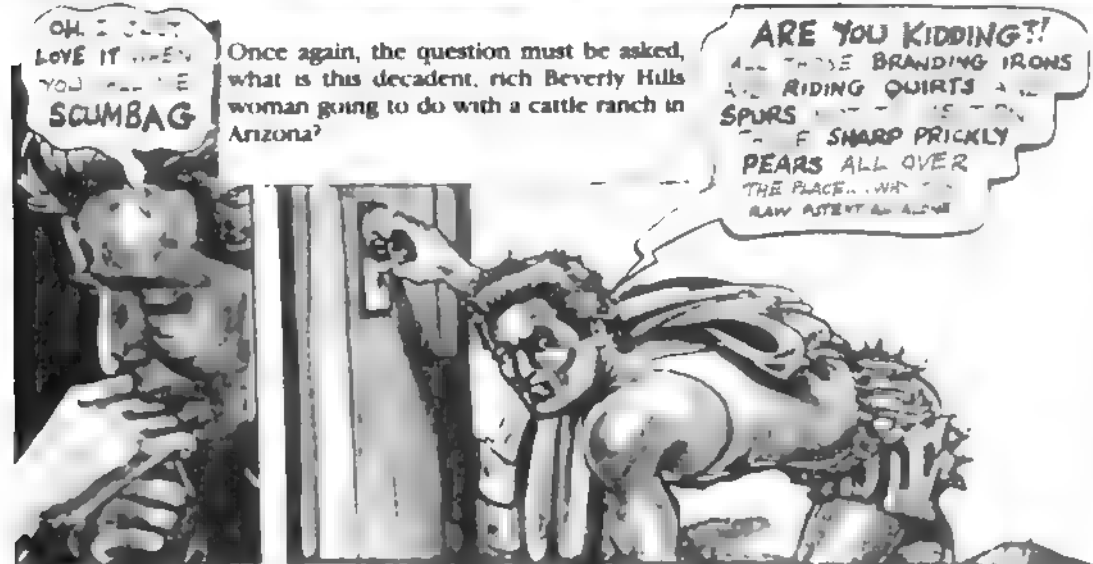


What does Deva Dikester, the owner of three record companies, want with a cattle ranch in Arizona?

IT DON'T ADD UP,  
ANYBODY THAT'D BUY A  
RANCH TODAY, IS EITHER  
ONE BRICK SHY OF A  
LOAD, OR ENJOYS  
SUFFRIN.'



Sue, if you only knew  
how doubly right  
you are . .



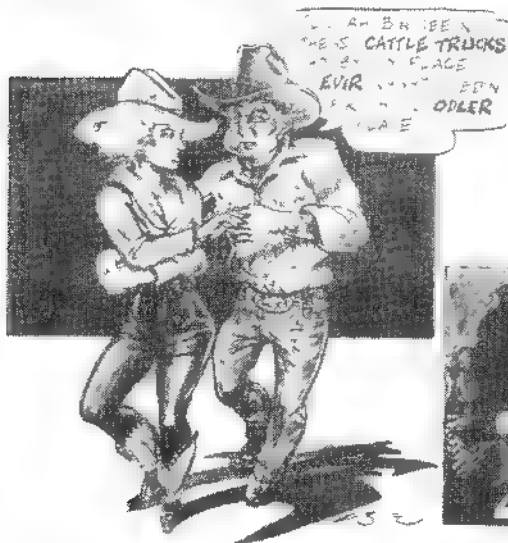
Huge semis running with their lights off in the  
dead of night continue to frequent the old Odler  
ranch.





Meanwhile back at the dance, Sue gets a clue in the middle of "Heartaches by the Number."

On the sidelines, two strangers seem to be scheming up some "heartache" of their own...





ONE MORE THING  
SUE, THEM **TRUCKS**  
HAD **CALIFORNIER**  
**PLATES.**

THEY  
DOES  
IT!



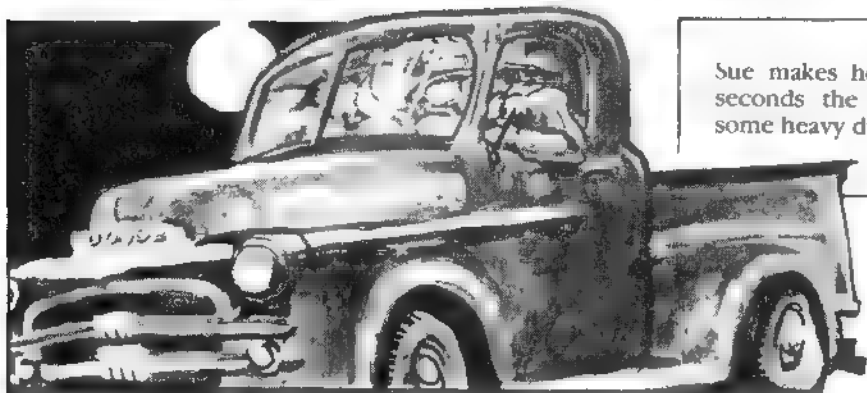
DONNA JEAN, THER'S  
SOMETHIN **QUEER** GOIN'  
ON OUT AT THE **ODLER**  
**RANCH**, AND I THINK  
YOU AN' I BETTER  
CHECK IT OUT.



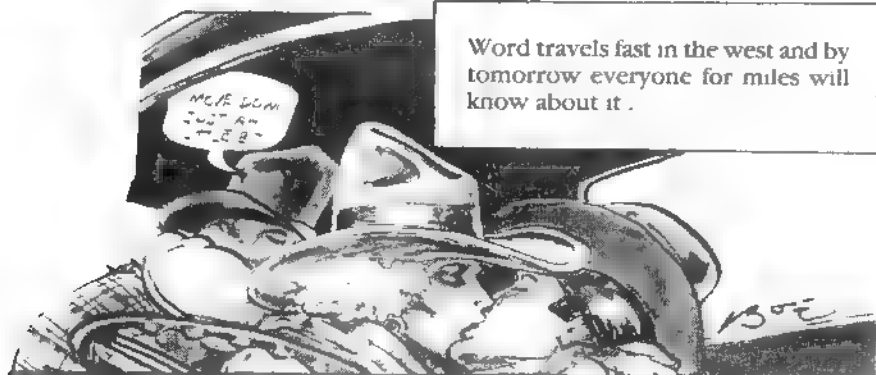
HOWDY LADIES,  
WE'RE **RANCH HANDS**  
FROM THE **ODLER**  
**RANCH.**

YET HER  
WANNA  
**PARTY**  
?

To make a long story one scene shorter, Sue and Donna Jean join the Odler ranch hands for a ride in their 52' Dodge pickup....



Sue makes her move and within seconds the foursome gets into some heavy duty making out



Word travels fast in the west and by tomorrow everyone for miles will know about it .

of course most people will  
have a field day with the facts...

a few will be pragmatic about  
the whole affair

WELL, TH' WAY I HERD  
IT, ONE O' THEM GALS  
ENDED UP ON TH'  
GEARSHIFT KNOB-  
DIDN'T SHE?

AH WAS PLUMB BORN  
SIXTY-FAY DAMN  
YEARS TOO SOON!!



and others will get scientific

Meanwhile, at the Odler  
ranch...

PROBLY ON  
**DOPE**  
ER SUMTHIN'.

**SCUMBAG**  
ARE YOU SURE  
NO ONE SAW  
US ARRIVE?


YES DEVA.  
THE **ONLY** PERSON  
WHO COULD POSSIBLY  
GIVE US ANY  
PROBLEMS, HAS  
BEEN TAKEN  
CARE OF.



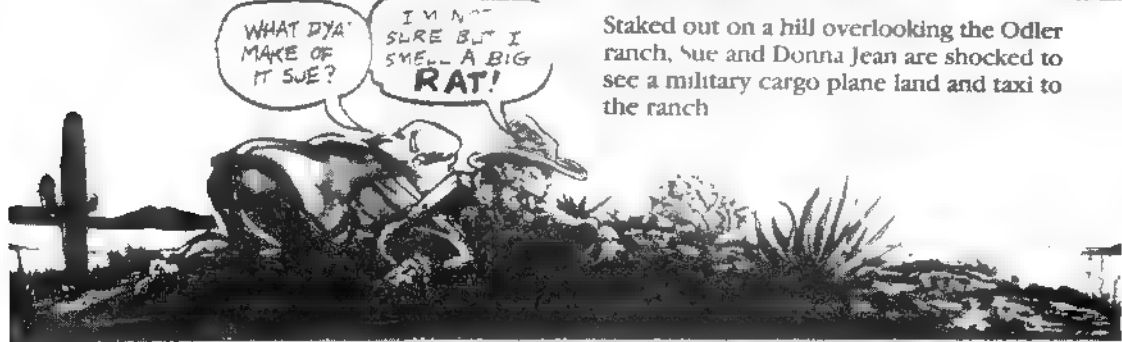
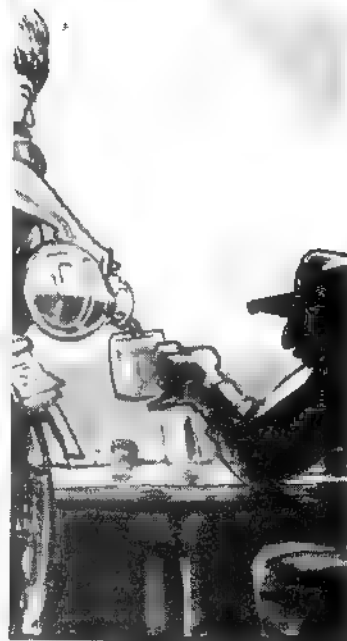


Sue and Donna Jean had a wild time with the Odler ranch hands, but the next morning, over eggs, hashbrowns and coffee, Sue has something on her mind. . .






EXACTLY. TANAGHT,  
YOU AN ME ARE  
GONNA PAY A LITTLE  
VISIT TO THIS  
ODLER RANCH.



WHAT DYA'  
MAKE OF  
IT SUE?

I'M NOT  
SURE BUT I  
SMELL A BIG  
**RAT!**

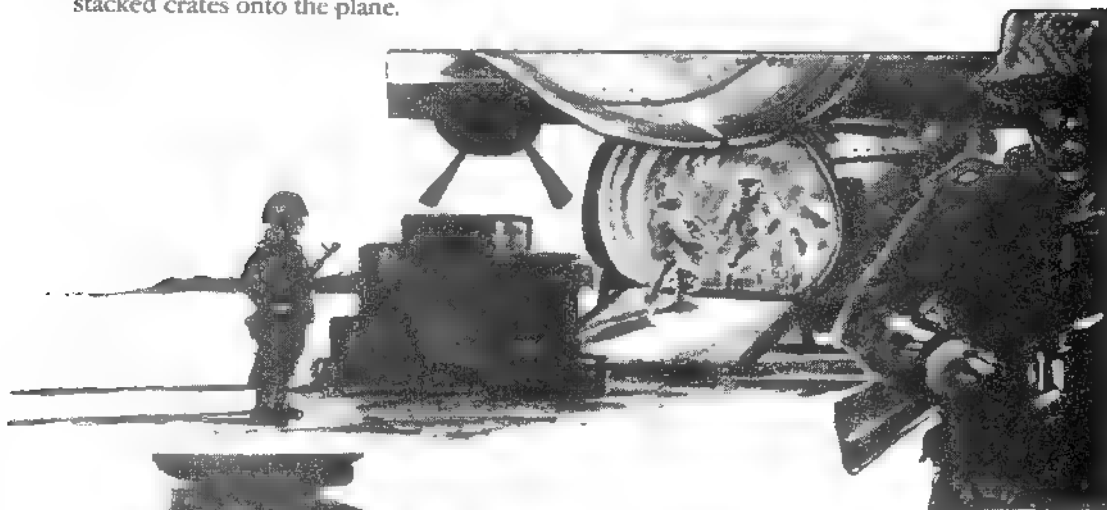
Staked out on a hill overlooking the Odler ranch, Sue and Donna Jean are shocked to see a military cargo plane land and taxi to the ranch



OH GAWD!!  
IT'S NOT ONE  
OF THOSE BIG  
HAIRY ONES  
WITH THE GUNKY  
TEETH IS IT?

EASY, DONNA  
JEAN, EASY. NOT  
A REAL RAT.

Soldiers with automatic weapons set up a tight perimeter as others quickly load stacked crates onto the plane.



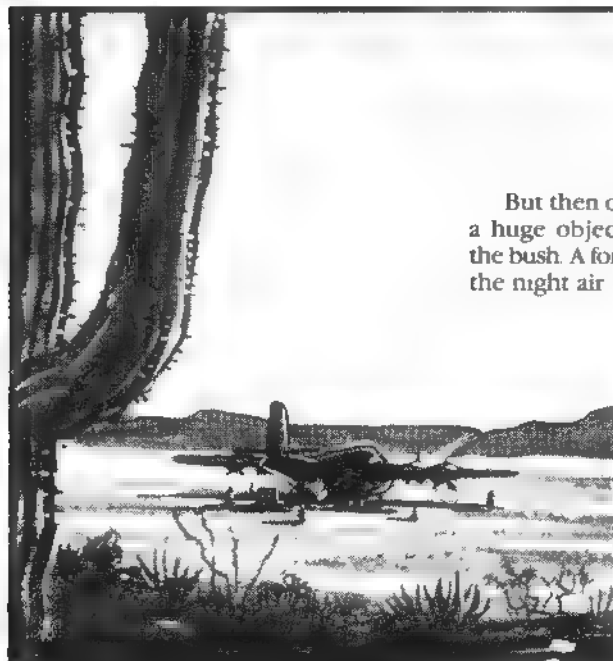
Just what is in the mysterious crates?  
Is it what Deva has been shipping  
into Arizona by the truckloads?



THOSE SOLDIERS  
WITH MACHINE GUNS  
LUK MAGHTY SERIOUS.  
COME ON DONNA JEAN,  
LET'S GET A CLOSER  
LUK AT THET CARGO.

GEE, ALL  
OF A SUDDEN  
AM I KANDA HUNGRY.  
WANT ANYTHING  
FROM BRAZIL?



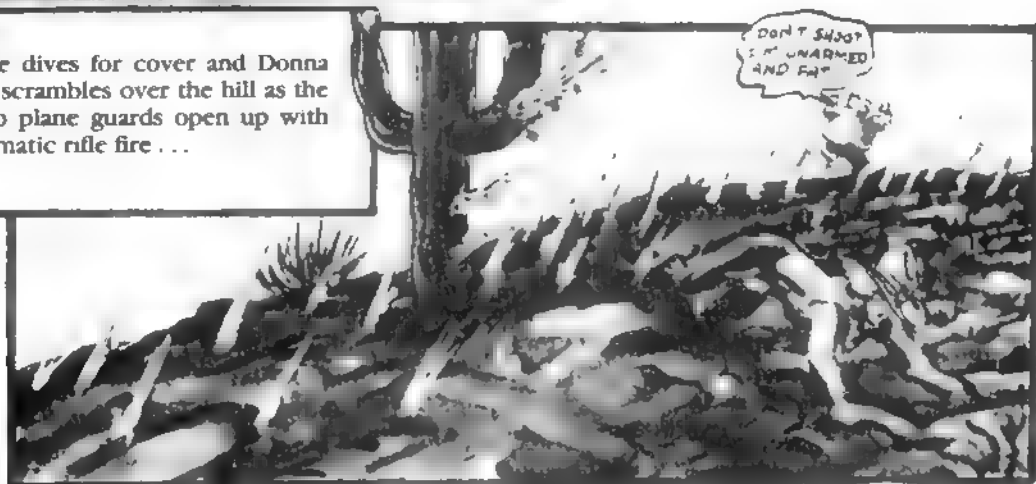


But then one of the guards spots a huge object blundering through the bush. A foreign yell splits through the night air

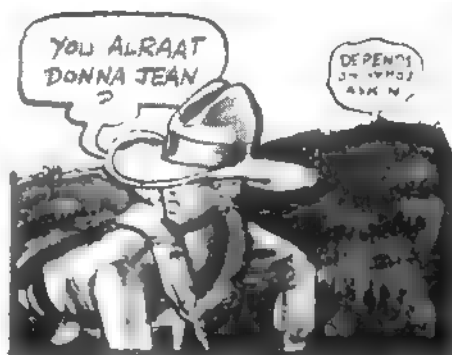




Sue dives for cover and Donna Jean scrambles over the hill as the cargo plane guards open up with automatic rifle fire . . .



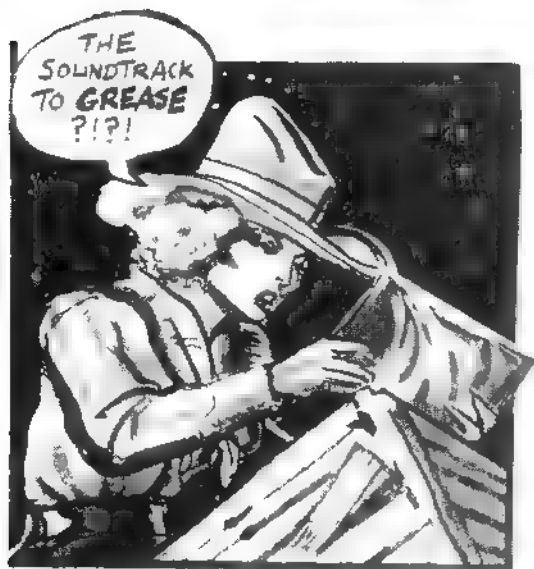
... seconds later, the guards retreat and the huge plane makes a quick takeoff into the night . . .



Sue spots an object left behind in the hasty retreat



Sprinting towards the mysterious crate, she doesn't notice the dark shadow approaching from behind....



Captured. Sue has been taken prisoner by the decadent Deva Dikester just when it looked like she might be on to something.







HAVE IT YOUR WAY.  
**SCUMBAG, BRING ME  
SOME 'LUDES, THE SATIN  
STRAPS AND MY WHIP.**



Now Deva and her  
thugs are trying to make  
Sue take Qualudes.

**SHE'S  
GOTTEM  
UNDER HER  
TONGUE!!**

**SWALLOW THE  
PILLS, OR  
SWALLOW  
BULLETS  
SWEETIE!!**



**THE PUNCH  
TO THE NECK  
DOES IT**

**THAT'S A GOOD GIRL  
NOW LET ME TELL YOU  
A LITTLE ABOUT THE  
DRUG YOU JUST  
TOOK**

**COUGH**



**IT'S THE SAME DRUG ROMAN  
POLANSKI GAVE TO A HOLLYWOOD  
SIXTH GRADER WHO IMMEDIATELY  
TURNED INTO A THIRTEEN YEAR  
OLD NYMPHO-MANIAC.**



LATER, AT THE SLEAZEBAG  
RAPE TRAILER MOTHER  
SERVED TWO BARRACUDA  
AND HER LAWYER BOUGHT  
A NEW MERCEDES. AS YOU  
CAN SEE IT IS A VERY  
POWERFUL DRUG

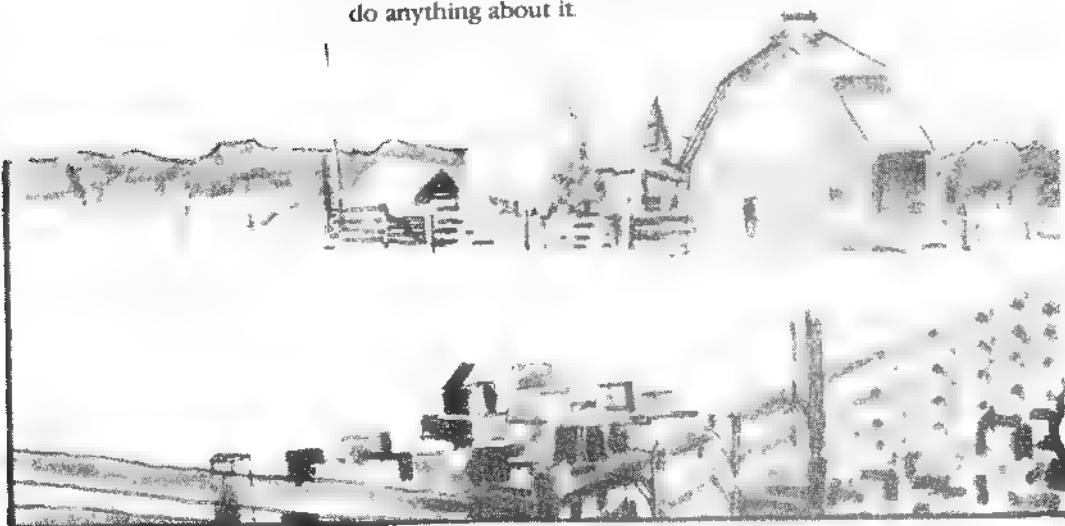
YER SO SICK  
YER BRAINS GOT  
THE DRY HEAVES



TAKE HER  
TO THE  
"EXERCISE"  
ROOM.



Scattered around the Odler ranch are thousands of crates like the one Sue saw. But unfortunately, Sue doesn't seem to be in a very good position to do anything about it.

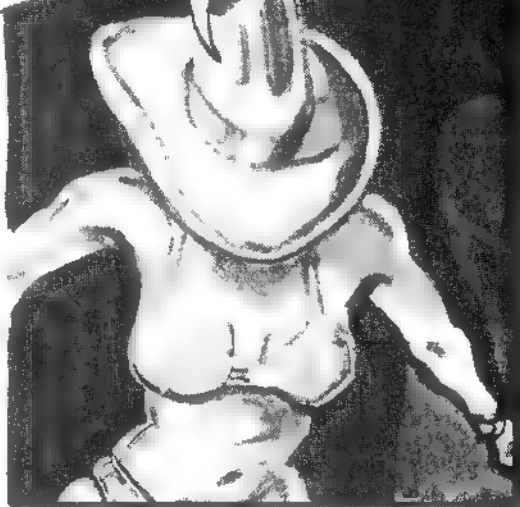
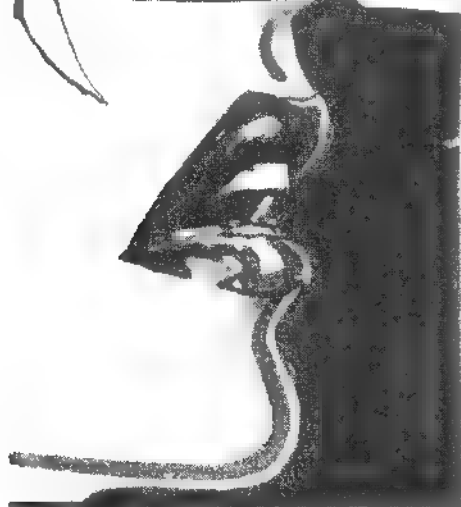




OUR GUEST OF HONOR SEEMS TO BE **LOOSER** NOW,

ARE YOU READY FOR SOME **FUN** SWEETIE?

I'M READY FOR ANYTHING.



READY, I guess! Deva prods the cowboys into a lewd mood and then turns them loose...one of them feels slightly guilty about the whole arrangement, but . .

SORRY MA'M, I'M JUST **FOLLOWIN** ORDERS.

**SHUT UP!** AND DO WHAT SHE TELLS YOU.





I CAN'T  
BELIEVE IT  
SCUMBAG,  
I THINK SHE'S  
REALLY DIGGIN'  
IT!



I'M SORRY  
THERE'S  
ABSOLUTELY  
NOTHING I CAN  
DO.

Meanwhile, Donna Jean is  
appealing to the  
governor.....

THAT'S PRIVATE  
PROPERTY AND MY  
HANDS ARE  
COMPLETELY  
TIED.

GEE, THAT'S  
TOO BAD, I THOUGHT  
MAYBE THAT AREA  
MIGHT MAKE A  
GOOD PRISON  
SITE.

WHERE DID  
YOU SAY THIS  
"PUBLIC DOMAIN"  
RANCH IS?

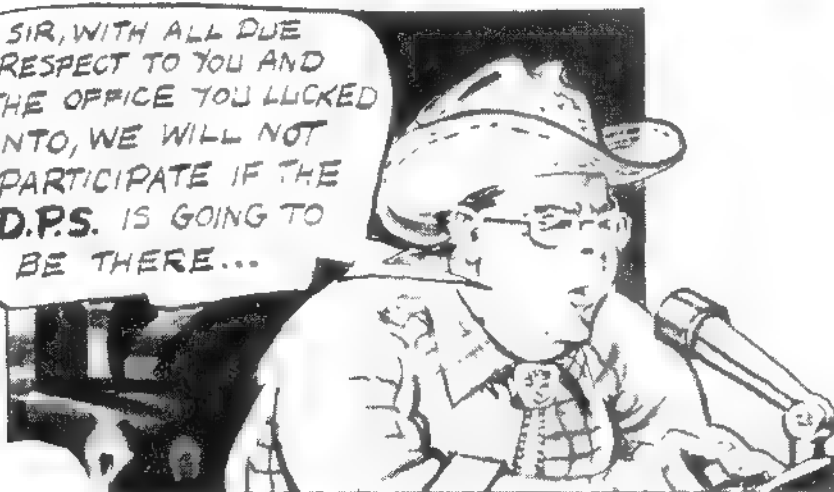




The governor gets on the horn  
and calls a Red Alert.....



SIR, WITH ALL DUE  
RESPECT TO YOU AND  
THE OFFICE YOU LUCKED  
INTO, WE WILL NOT  
PARTICIPATE IF THE  
**D.P.S.** IS GOING TO  
BE THERE...

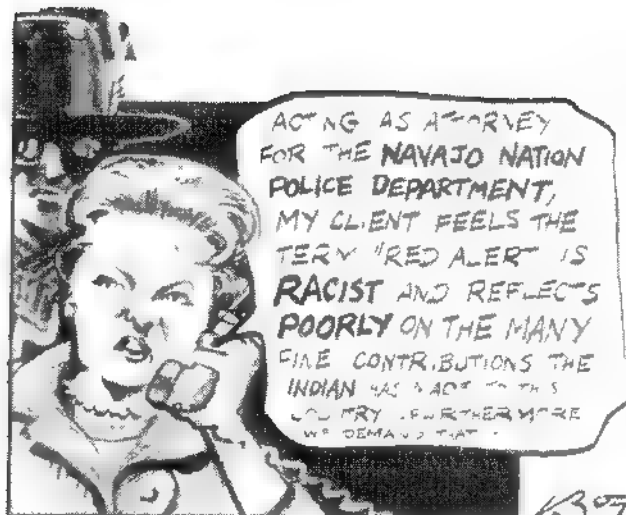


BRUCE WHO?... OH  
YEH... THAT LITTLE THERP <  
JOGGER... TELL HIM CM  
IN A CONFERENCE.



GOVNER, I'D LAK TA  
HELP YA BUT ALL MY  
MEN ARE GUARDING  
A 65 YEAR OLD  
**MARIJUANA**  
OFFENDER.





I DON'T  
BALIEVE IT!  
WHAT R' WE  
GONNA DO?!

I.E GO  
AN IDEA



Well, you'd better hurry Donna Jean, because Sue is acting more and more like someone from Sunset Blvd.!!!

OOHHH, IF  
THIS IS BONDAGE  
GIVE ME  
MORE!!!



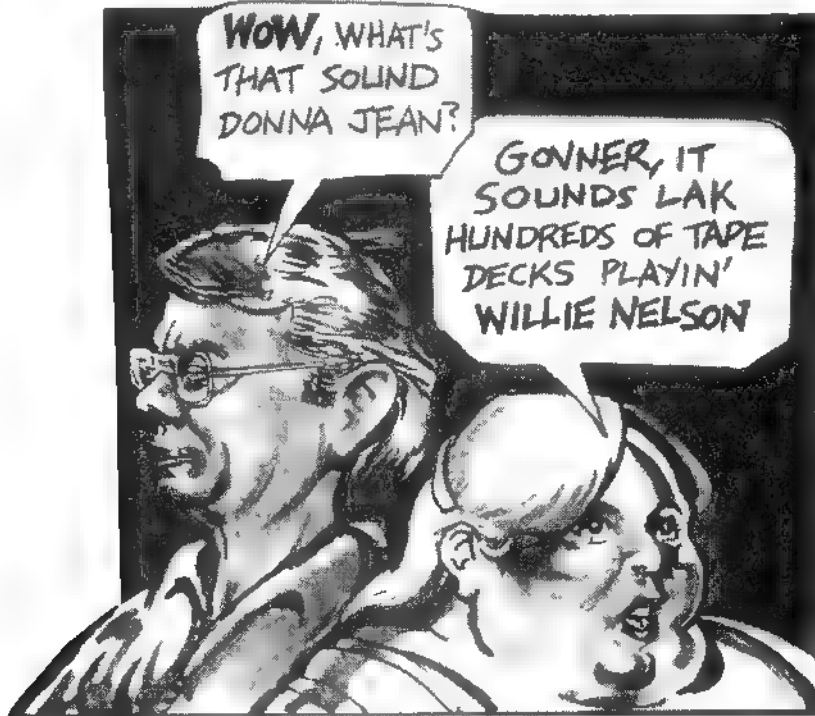
The governor comes up with a handful of air with his Red Alert but Donna Jean has an idea: A Red Neck Alert!

HEY GLD BUDDIES,  
IF THER'S ANYBODY OUT  
THERE, WANTS TO STOMP ON  
SLIM **CALIFORNIA**  
**DEGENERATES**, CLIM  
ON DOWN TO TH' STATE  
CAPITAL.



WOW, WHAT'S  
THAT SOUND  
DONNA JEAN?

GONNER, IT  
SOUNDS LAK  
HUNDREDS OF TAPE  
DECKS PLAYIN'  
WILLIE NELSON



Thousands, Donna Jean Thousands of Arizonans from all corners of the state who are tired of Californians taking our water and giving us their nuclear plants. But can this four-wheel posse get to the Odler Ranch in time to save Sue?



Oh, Sue! How can you do this to us!?!

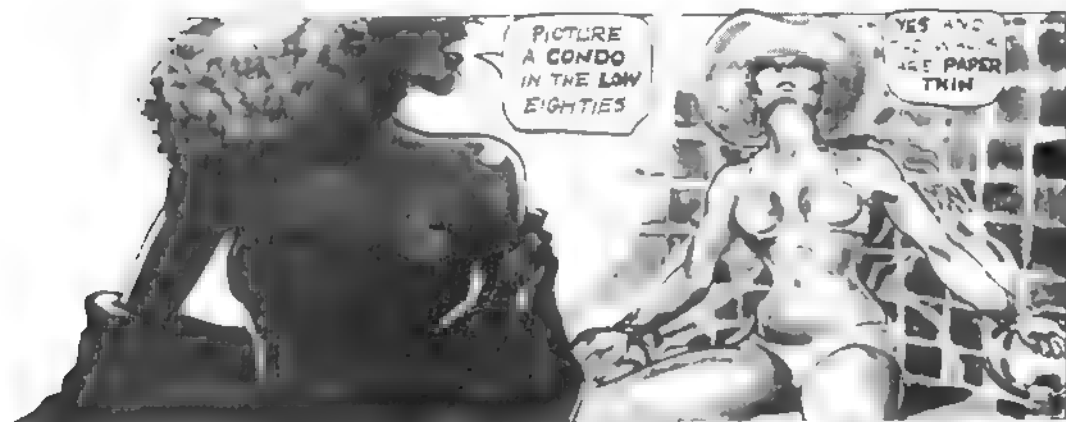


Sue is in deep trouble Now she is *actually* listening to a Donna Summer record and enjoying it.





They are alone Sue is literally strapped into a corner and now Deva, in her cold and precise way, is beginning the final manipulation. . .to get Sue to succumb to the Southern California lifestyle. . .





CAN YOU  
SEE IT?

AS CLEAR AS  
AN OIL SLICK  
WOOSIE.



DO YOU  
SAY  
WOOSIE?

THAT'S  
RIGHT  
SCUMBA?



Faster than you can say "Jerry  
Brown's friend" Sue bounces  
Deva off the ceiling with the  
toe of her custom made boot...

nice move Sue, but you're  
still tied up and....



....now Deva is madder  
than a rooster in an  
empty hen house.

Meanwhile, the four wheel posse,  
with Donna Jean and the Governor in  
the lead truck, streaks across the  
desert towards the Odler ranch

SO THESE  
WE RDOS  
ARE FROM  
CALIFORNIA  
END

FGLRES

YOU'LL PAY  
DEARLY FOR  
THAT SISTER!

YOU CAN  
RIDE  
SHOTGUN  
NEXT TO  
THE  
BRUCE

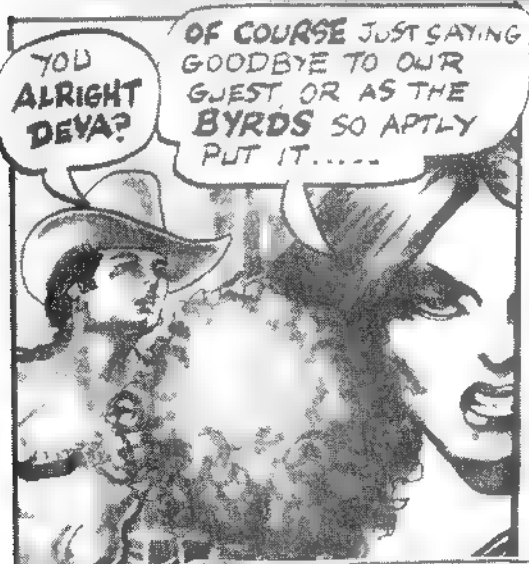
I'LL TELL YA FER  
YER LADYFRIENDS SAKE  
I HOPE THEY AIN'T INTO  
THE LATEST CAL FAD.

WHAT  
IS  
THAT  
?

HOT TUBS  
AND  
BONDAGE.

BONDAGE,  
WHAT'S  
BONDAGE?

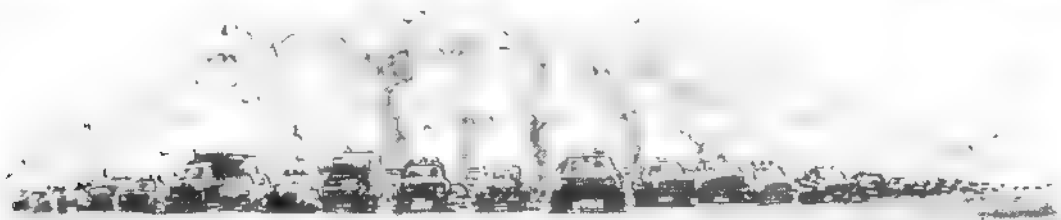
HE'S  
FROM  
FLAGSTAFF



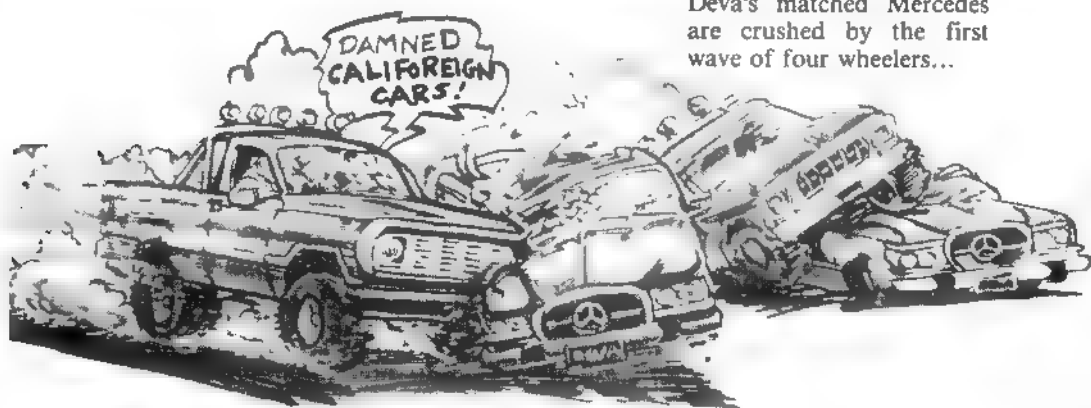
Inside, nursing a badly bruised thigh, Deva is in a very ugly mood....



A thousand strong and a mile wide, the four wheel posse thunders into the Odler ranch ready to do battle with anything from California...



Deva's matched Mercedes are crushed by the first wave of four wheelers...



The fight is over in seconds. Deva's security squads are rounded up and questioned by the four wheel posse...

OK. HOW COME YOL STEAL OUR WATER?

YEH, AND HOW COME YER GOVNER SHACKS UP WITH A HIPPI? HUH?

I DON'T KNOW



Meanwhile, inside Sue has been saved from certain death by the "hired hands"

F.B.I. DEVA,  
YOU'RE UNDER  
ARREST.

??

WELL, I'LL BE SAVED,  
I KNEW YOU GUYS WERE -  
COWBOYS, BUT I NEVER  
DREAMED YOU WORKED  
FOR THE NATION'S MOST  
SEMI-RESPECTED AGENCY.

OH SUE.  
YOU'RE ALRIGHT!  
COME HERE, I WANT  
YOU TO MEET THE  
GUY WHO HELPED  
ME.

LET'S SEE..  
MAXIMUM SECURITY  
OVER THERE... NO....  
THE WARDEN'S OFFICE...

At her trial, Deva brought her vast Southern California fortune to bear. She hired Johnny Carson to do the opening monologue...

WELL YOUR HONOR  
SHE IS SOOO GOOD  
HER SWIMMING POOL  
HAS A JOGGING PATH  
OVER THE DEEP END.

IS N GOOD  
IS DEVA?

O.K. LET'S SEE  
WHAT ELSE S N  
THE TRIAL

...other Superstars testified to her standing in the L.A. community, Elvis Costello compared her to Ray Charles. Then, for a big-budget finale, she hired the June Taylor dancers to do their interpretation of "Blind Justice."

It was all very impressive, but the State of Arizona built an air-tight case...

THIS WOMAN,  
DOES NOT OWN  
ONE WILLIE NELSON  
TAPE....OR ALBUM,  
NOT ONE!



YOUNG LADY, IN ALL  
MY YEARS ON THE BENCH,  
I HAVE NEVER SEEN OR  
HEARD SUCH DECADENT,  
DISGUSTING, OR AS YOU  
KIDS SAY "BOSS,"  
BEHAVIOR.



I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU,  
TO LIVE IN BLYTHE, CALIFORNIA  
IN A HOUSE WITH AN AIRPAD  
COOLER, UNTIL YOU ARE  
**DEAD**, OR WISH YOU  
WERE.



Deva's California attorneys were stunned. It was the harshest sentence ever handed down in a comic strip

HEAV-  
VEEE

HEY HICKS!  
WE'LL BE  
BACK....

...AS SOON AS  
WE GET THE  
FILM RIGHTS  
TO THE TRIAL.

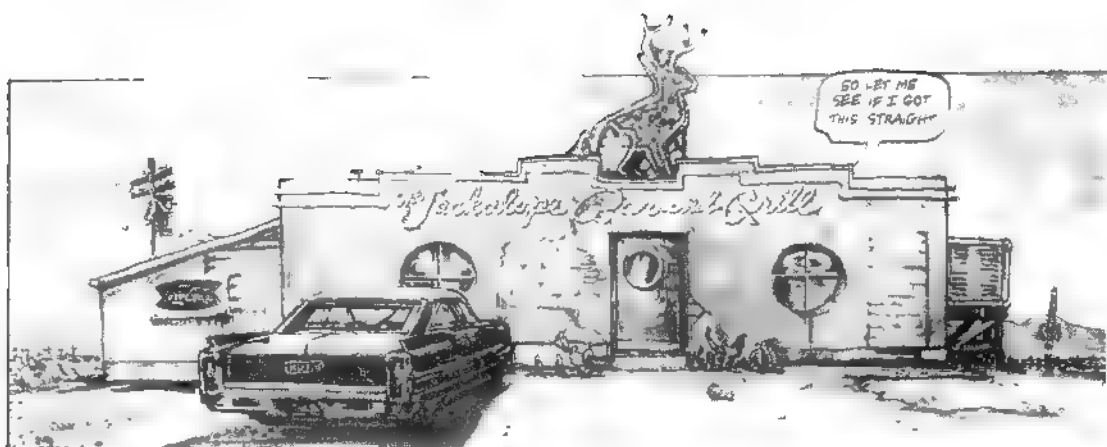


Before she was led away,  
Deva swore vengeance

I BLAME  
MONKYTONK SUE  
FOR THIS, AND  
SOMDAY SOON  
SHE'LL PAY!







The trial is over and the Governor takes everyone for a beer to celebrate his new found prison site

The F.B.I. agents are explaining to Sue how Deva was producing millions of worthless albums and paying off the record chart people to "insure" they were hits on paper, and then shipping them to Arizona to bootleg to foreign governments who want to be "hip," like Americans.





THE END

## A black and white photograph of a crowd of people at a concert. In the foreground, several people are visible, some looking towards the stage. A large speech bubble is overlaid on the right side of the image, containing the text: "ALRAAT, DO YOU KNOW OF ANYONE WHO MIGHT NOT WANT TO SEE THE BEATLES LIVE TO PERFORM AGAIN?". The background shows a stage area with some equipment and a large screen or backdrop.



68

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NOW WAIT JUST A DAMN MINUTE!! YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF NERVE CALLING YOUR CREATOR THE "MOST MEDIOCRE LOVER" IN THE WORLD!!! I MEAN, REALLY!!!

TAKE IT EASY BOYZ I WAS JUST KIDDIN' I'M AM SO INSECURE WHEN IT COMES TO SEX.



HEY, COME ON, MESSIN' WITH ME! I SHARE A WHOLE LOT OF A MAINE FISH WATER WITH A HIGH SCHOOL BOY WHO WAS AN AWESOME RADIANT MAN

I TOLD YOU THAT MAYBE YOU'D CALL THEM



WE'VE HERE'S ONE OF THE GIRLFRIENDS FROM A WOMAN

HI BOYZ AT BEST I'M HERE OBNOXIOUS WIMP

OH YEH? What about that night after the Homecoming game, up at the Black Tank?? huh? What about THAT??

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH I WAS SEX SO FAST I WAS TIRED

SOMEONE PURDY ME TO BE TAME



## NEW TIMES WEEKLY

Arizona's Largest Weekly

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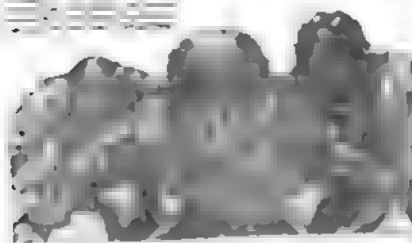
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See order blank on next page

# Henkytonk Sue

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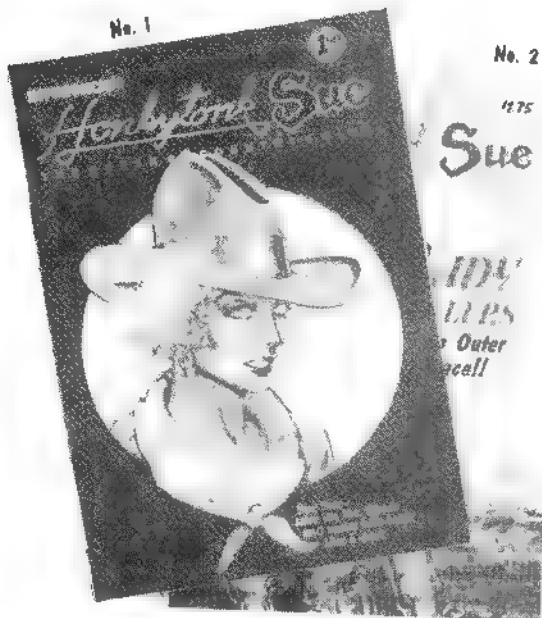
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*until next time*







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- 74 - Adios until next time
- 75 - Bluegrass Country Saloon (ad)
- 76 - Desert Leather (ad)

**Artists:****Bob Boze Bell - 1, 3-31, 33-69, 70-74(ads)****Jimi Giannatti - 32(ph)****Comments:****Self published.**